

P S

3531

E674

H4

1914

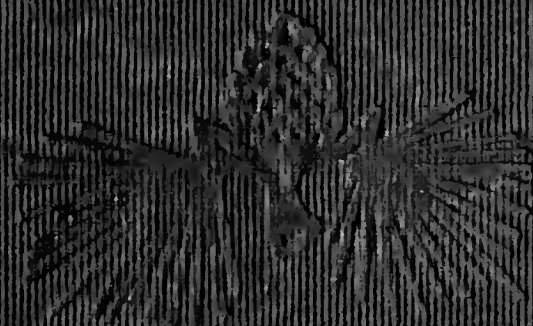
HEART SONGS

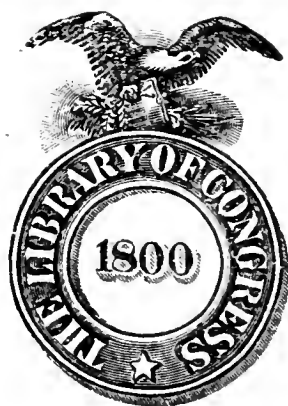
AND

OTHER POEMS

BY HAL M. PERKINS

POET OF THE PINES.





Class P8 3531

Book .E 674 H4

Copyright N^o 1914

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

HEART - SONGS

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY



H. M. PERKINS

"Poet of the Pines"

Copyright 1917 by
H. M. Perkins.

75-221
1914

To the Sacred Memory of My Now
Sainted Wife,
Addie E.,

This Book Is Affectionately Dedicated.

—The Author

JAN -6 1914

©CL.A362047



Your sincere friend,

HAL. M. PERKINS.

"Poet of the Pines."

THE PINES.

Friends have kindly called me, "The Poet of
the Pines."

So now to justify the pretty sobriquet,
I must sing a sonnet, or write some rhythmic
lines,

Be they melancholy, or breezy bizarre,
Of the pines—the Southern pines.

But have you heard the souging,
And felt the gentle wooing,
Of those pines?

The s-o-o-ing, and the w-o-o-ing,
The w-o-o-ing and the s-o-o-ing,
Of the pines?

No!

Then you've never heard the woodland's
sweetest music.

You've never felt its most subtle power to
charm.

That mystic music no instrument can mimic,
And the power,—it soothes the soul like a
balm.

Oh! the pines—the Southern pines.
But you should hear the souging,
And feel the gentle wooing,
Of the pines.

The s-o-o-ing and the w-o-o-ing,
The w-o-o-ing and the s-o-o-ing,
Of the pines.

Then,

You could understand the reason I am singing
Of the gentle souging and wooing of the pines.
You would love the mystic song which comes
 winging,

Wafted on the wavelets of the light summer
 winds,

 From the pines—the Southern pines.
But you must hear the souging,
And feel the gentle wooing
 Of the pines.

The s-o-o-ing and the w-o-o-ing,
The w-o-o-ing and the s-o-o-ing,
 Of the pines.

Heart·Songs



HEART SONG.

Sing thou my heart, sing thy sweet song.
Chant thy melody, but not to the throng.
On the gentle zephyrs, cast thy loveliest notes.
As the birds of the forest from their ever
vibrant throats,

On woodland winds, their love lays cast,
Or homesick sailors sing before the mast,
To be wafted away on the wind that waits,
To the ears and hearts of loving mates.

So sing my heart, thy sweetest lay.
The wind will waft it to my love away,
Who, with quick ear and heart, will catch the
faintest strain,
And find in its tender tones, soothing balm
for any pain.

In answer sweet she'll sing to thee,
The song of her heart, that's yearning for me.
Of the love light burning, as she waits my
return,
The love light that forever shall burn.

List thou my heart, the gentle wind,
Bears now to my ears words of sweetest kind,
Well set to dulcet notes, and by angelic tongue,
Touched by power divine, in whispered cadences are sung.

Sing then, my heart, thy song divine,
Of thy true love that never shall decline.
The burden of thy song to these same winds
confide,
And they'll sing them o'er to my fair bride.

JUST A WORD.

My heart so longs for just one little word from
thee, Mary E.—

One little word to tell me that you sometimes
think of me;

That you think of me, when others are not near
thee.

Think of the heart I lay at your feet—

A heart that alone for you can beat;

Just one little word, to tell me that you some-
times think of me.

Think of me, when the twilight falls athwart
thy pathway, Mary E.,

Or else, when the night is deep, won't you
sometimes think of me?

When alone in thy chamber you may chance
to be,

Think of the love for thee I cherish—

A love I know can never perish.

I crave but a word to tell me that you some-
times think of me.

I am so lonely in my solitude, my dear, Mary E.

I would give a world to know that you some-
times think of me.

Queen of my heart, it's just a word I ask
of thee--

Only a word—just a word, I plead.

Oh, can you withhold so small a meed,

As one little word, to tell me, that you some-
times think of me?

ADDIE E.

(To My Wife.)

The sweetest name on earth to me

Is Addie E.

Sweeter far than linnet's note,

Or warbled song from thrush's throat.

Sweeter, too, than the mock-bird's song,

Or even the chant of seraph throng.

Sweeter than all sweet names to me,

Is Addie E.

The fairest one on earth to me,

Is Addie E.

Loveliest form of queenly grace,

Kindest eyes, divinest face;

A voice that's music to my ear;

Her gentle smile brings heaven near;

Fairer than all fair ones to me,

Is Addie E.

The dearest soul on earth to me,

Is Addie E.

Sweetheart that beats in sympathy,

Pure soul that breathes so tenderly,

I could not but love thee, if I would;

Not love thee less, if less I could.

Dearer than all dear souls to me

Is Addie E.

ONE I LOVED,—TWO I LOVED,—AND
THREE.

I loved a woman once.
Yes, I'll tell you if I may.
Just one—mark you—and bye and bye,
She came to love me—strange to say.
So, you know we loved each other,
And, for years, we loved together,
Wife and I.

I loved a baby once.
The stork brought him to mamma.
Boy? Oh, yes, boy! Fine head, bright eye—
Mother said he looked like papa.
Well, you know, we loved each other,
Just we three, we loved together—
Sonny and wife and I.

I loved another baby once.
Great blue eyes and golden hair.
Girl? Oh, yes, girl! And pretty, my!
Dimples, roses and skin so fair.
Well, you know, we loved each other,
Just we four, we loved together—
Daughtsie and sonny and wife and I.

Oh! That was long ago.
Everything is changed since then.
Changes come as time is passing by.
Babies once, then men and women.
Daughtsie? Oh, Daughtsie's married!
Sonny? Why, of course, he hasn't tarried!
Mamma? Dear Mamma's gone.
Alone am I.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Language is unable to fulfill the hard task
Of answering, in words, the question we ask.
Love is something that's felt, but can never
be told

By tongues of eloquence, nor pens of gold.

Of love we can tell something, but only a part,
For the power it pours down over the heart
Is as deep and boundless as the vast ocean
wide;

Strong—yea, resistless—as the sweep of the
tide.

It's a feeling as warm as the sun's golden glow;
A passion as pure as the winter's soft snow,
Holy emotion conceived in heaven above,
Then in human hearts born—that only is love.



MEMORY.

I sit tonight in reverie,
Living again in memory
The days long past, too sweet to last,
But lived again in memory.
Swiftly I glide on wings of thought,
Like autumn leaves on zephyrs caught,
To places cast, in distant past,
I visit now in memory.

Chorus.

Oh, Memory, sweet Memory,
Dear are the thoughts you bring to me

Of days long past, too sweet to last,
Lived only now, in memory.

Golden sunset, then the twilight,
Through the village, past the mill-site,
In fairy glen—I'm home again—

But only now in memory.

There the green-sward, there the cottage,
Fragrant flowers, emerald foliage,
Up the pathway, to the doorway—
I enter now in memory.

Chorus.

Sweetest voices, fairest faces,
Most kindly words, gentle graces
Bid me welcome to the sweet home—

I hear and see in memory.

Oh, would I could here, forever,
Live with my own—loved ones ever—
But well I know this can not be—

They only live in memory.



ASK ME NOT TO FORGET THEE.

Ask me not to forget thee. Sooner far,
Could the sky forget the radiant star,
Whose brilliant ray drives night afar.
Sooner the sun forget to shine,
Or moon forget her orbit line,
Than I forget this love of mine.

Ask me not to forget thee. Sooner must,
The uncut stone, or sculptured bust,

Or e'en the mountains, decay to dust.
Sooner, too, could the sea forget,
The sandy shore by it's billows wet,
Or the placid bays, where its wavelets fret.

Ask me not to forget thee. Sooner be
This sensate world a blank to me,
Or I, myself, should cease to be.
I could not if I would forget,
Nor cease to love thee, while time is yet.
Nay! Nay! I can not, will not thee forget.



MY SHIPS ON THE SEA.

I'm looking out over the sea,
Anxiously looking to see,
If my ships are coming to me;
E're there are clouds in the skies,
And the fierce storms arise,
And my ships go down, out at sea.

My ships are very dear to me,
My ships now out on the sea,
Their cargoes are precious, you see.
May they come safe to haven,
With like burdens laden,
And great as I sent them to sea.

I'm anxious my ships should return,
How awful should they founder or burn,
The reason you'll easily discern;
They are laden with love, you see,
My ships, now on the sea,
And love, they're to bring in return.

MARJORIE.

Far o'er the sea, there waits for me,
Queen of my heart, fair Marjorie.
O'er ocean's foam, my heart goes home,
To meet with thee, my Marjorie.
 Oh! Marjorie, I long for thee,
 Come thou to me, my Marjorie.

I'm lonely here, I sigh for thee,
I dream of thee, sweet Marjorie.
Belle of thy role, in calm or gale,
I love to think of Marjorie. (Chorus).

In this good land, there waits for thee,
A cottage fair, dear Marjorie.
'Neath starry skies, where love light lies,
To welcome thee, my Marjorie. (Chorus)

When you are here, across the sea,
In cottage home, sweet Marjorie,
I'll live for thee, and thou for me,
My own fair bride, my Marjorie. (Chorus)



MILLIE MAY.

When the winter's days have past,
With their cold and stormy blasts,
And the balmy days of spring have come once
 more,
I will meet you, Millie May, in the same old
 loving way,
In the same old place we've often met before.

Yes, I'll meet you, Millie May,
In the gloaming of the day,
In the place we loved to meet of yore.

When I come to you again,
There will be no thought of pain
Of a parting soon, to rend your heart anew,
For I'll take you, Millie May, sure to be with
me always,
In the cottage by the sea, I've built for you.

Yes, I'll meet you, Millie May,
In the gloaming of the day,
I'll meet you in the same old loving way.

Oh! Be sure my heart is true,
For I love none else but you,
And you are more than all this world to me.
Yes, be sure, my Millie May, I will meet you
as I say,
In that dear old place beneath the willow tree.

Yes, I'll meet you, Millie May,
In the gloaming of the day,
I'll meet you in the same old loving way.



I WANT TO CALL HER DARLING, BUT I
MUSTN'T, TILL I MAY.

I am all upset this evening, for my heart is
just a heaving;
I'm going to tell you now the reason why.

I have seen the fairest vision there is in all
creation;
I'll be crazy till I meet her, but she's shy.

CHORUS.

(With Stanzas 1, 2, and 3.)

She was 'neath a silk umbrella, and she
looked a Cinderella,
As she tripped along the beach, beside the
bay.
She's a dainty little creature, with a smile on
every feature,
And I want to call her darling, but I
mustn't, till I may.

CHORUS.

I have learned her name is Mary—oh, she's
such a little fairy!
I would give a world to win her, bye and
bye.
I may fail in my intention, she may scorn my
sweet attention,
But I'll never be contented till I try.

CHORUS.

I will get my wits together, and I'll watch that
silk umbrella,
Wherever I see it shining, I will hie.
I will voice my heart's emotion, and declare
to her devotion,
And that if she don't accept me, I will die.

CHORUS.

Well, I've won my winsome Mary, my charming
 little fairy,
 She has promised to be my bride—bye and
 bye.
She's all my pride and joy in life, and when
 she has become my wife,
I will always be so happy—till I die.

CHORUS.

She was 'neath a silk umbrella, and she looked
 a Cinderella,
 As she tripped along the beach, beside the
 bay.
She's a dainty little creature, with a smile
 on every feature,
And now I call her darling—she's my
 Mary—so I may.



THE CRY FROM THE DARK.

My boat has left its mooring, and I'm drifting
 far from shore.
I seem to've lost my anchor and will find
 it nevermore.
Still the turbid waters lash about my floun-
 dering bark,
The night has settled o'er me, and I'm drift-
 ing in the dark.

My bright guiding star has set, or has gone
 behind a cloud;
The night winds sing a requiem, and the
 darkness seems a shroud,

The moon's below the shore line, I've no
compass on my bark;
The rudder cable's parted, and I'm drifting in
the dark.

There's but one hand can save me from the
waters of despair,
Only one heart can cheer me, and that heart
don't seem to care,
That the angry seas are breaking about my
trembling bark,
While fast the storm is thick'ning, and I'm
drifting in the dark.

Hope has almost fled my castle, but I'm hoping
'gainst a hope,
That the only one to save me will not always
let me grope.
But lest the light from that face I love shall
break upon my bark,
Until my boat is foundered, I'll be drifting in
the dark.



SORROW'S SECRET.

My friend has asked me, "Why so much of
pain?
Why the sorrows that make for human bane?"
I've not the secret of life's joys or bliss—
Not of it's sorrows, but methinks 'tis this:
"Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,
'Till crushed by pain's resistless power,

And yield their juices, rich and bland,
To none but sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally, never,
But crushed by pressure from above,
With God's hand on the lever,
The first are turbidest and meanest,
The last are sweetest and serenest."
So may your sorrows work not bane, but
 blessing,
Your latter years be filled with love's ca-
 ressing,
May your portion be made up much less of
 pain,
That you may drink life's sweet nectar, once
 again.



Childhood



THE WEE ONE'S SONG.

For my wee-teeny friends, I will now sing a
song;

But as they are so little, it shall not be long.

I want "Old Santa" to be very good to you,

En bring you some candy, en-en some 'nannas,
too,

En some pictur books, with stories 'bout giants
en things,

En ponies, en puppies en-en angels with wings,

En 'spress wagons, en drums, en jes lots of
toys,

En caps, en mitts, en shoes for all my little
boys,

En dolls that talk, with eyes that shut, en hair
that curls,

En rings, en pins, en cloaks for all my little
girls.

And all the long year through, may loving
eyes keep,

Faithful watch over you, while you wake or
sleep,

May angels attend all your journey along.

For wee-teeny friends this is my song.



WHEN MOTHER'S AWAY.

When mother's away,

How lonesome the day,

And nothing seems quite in its place.

Father is so blue,

And just as cross, too.
At table he forgets to say grace.

When mother's away,
We children don't play,
As we do when mother is near.
Everything is wrong,
You can't hear a song,
And it's just because mother's not here.

When mother's away,
Me and Roy and Fay,
We all wish that night would not come.
It's awfully drear,
The shadows are queer,
When our mother's not with us at home.

When mother's away,
At close of the day,
In our bed we each take our place.
We long for the bliss,
Of the coveted kiss,
And the smile of our dear mother's face.



CHILDHOOD'S LESSON.

In the blithesome days of childhood,
In life's merry month of May,
We ramble in the wildwood,
Plucking flowers by the way,
And vie with birds in singing,
While they flit on fleetest wing,
And set the welkin ringing,
To the joyous notes of spring.

We think not then, of summer's heat,
That is coming bye and bye,
Bringing on the ripened wheat
And the shocks of golden rye;
Nor think we then, of Autumn's bins,
Well filled with fruit and grain,
Nor yet of winter's biting winds,
For we count not loss and gain.

There are then no clouds above us,
Not a discord in our song.
All around are those who love us,
And who would our joys prolong.
We look to these to keep us,
Throughout the whole long year—
We know they'll not forsake us,
So we trust without a fear.

There's a lesson here to learn,
And when well it's understood,
It's a truth we will discern,
That will always do us good.
We may be sure that we'll be blest,
As along life's way we plod,
If, every day, we do our best
And simply trust in God.



Houth



YOUTH'S PANOPLY.

No gifted poet's fluent pen,
Nor potent minds of wisest men,
Can write the worth of a well earned fame,
Nor count the cost of a tarnished name.

Hear then my words, my youthful friend;
Heed thou the message here I send:
Guard well thy mind, nor let a poisoned dart
From satan's bow find lodgement in thy heart.

Stand up! Look up! Bow not thy head
To pomp, nor gauds of evil bred.
"Keep thyself pure!" God's commandment
 given,
Is life's best chart and passport on to heaven.



I JUST LOVE TO LOVE YOU.

--An Ode to Cupid--

A queer little elf is this Cupid,
The winged god of Love he is called.
They tell how he makes people stupid,
And otherwise holds them enthralled.
They say he's a tyrant exacting,
And some think these stories are true.
They frighten some people from loving,
But, I'm not afraid to love you.

Sometimes love's bonds may be cruel,
But often it is worse to be free.

Sometimes love's menu is gruel,
But there's always a desert, you see.
Cupid may be blind, as he's painted,
And mistakes he may make, it is true.
His captives may all be deluded,
But,—somehow,—I just love to love you.

To many love's bonds may be galling,
But I can not think it is so.
Such bonds are not Cupid's forging,
But forged by his bitterest foe.
So I'm not afraid of his arrows,
Though I know his aim is so true.
I'm willing to risk all his sorrows,
And,—just keep on loving to love you.



THE LOVER'S LAST PLEA.

Shall I depart, and that forever?
Shall I return to claim thee never?
Shall I crush the sacred flower,
Plucked for thee, from Eden's bower,
From among the immortelles,
Growing fair 'neath heaven's bells,
And cast away its bruised petals,
Holding still the stem, and nettles,
To lacerate my hands and heart?

Shall my heart thus bruised and bleeding,
Forever cease its pleading,—pleading
For a love that fate denies me,
For a heart that still defies me?
Shall I go, and leaving sever,

Hopes I'd fondly cherished ever,
That some day, your heart relenting,
You'd bid me cease my sad lamenting,
And say that I should not depart.

But hopes deferred,—without assurance,
Depress the soul beyond endurance,
Lingering but to lure and sadden,
Or beguiling to mock or madden.
Speak thou, then, and plainly tell me,
Shall I depart, or linger near thee?
With hoping, anxious heart,
I wait a moment e'er I start.
Oh! Tell me now! Shall I depart?

Maturity



MATURE LOVE'S AVOWAL.

I have no thought apart from thee.

In working hours thou art my inspiration.

In my repose, all my thoughts are still of thee.

Thou art my companion in my recreation.

In my sleep, thy face, thy form, my visions fill.

Constant art thou, in all my meditation.

I have no thought,—no thought apart from thee.

I have no heart apart from thee.

When troubles press, and goad to desperation,

When I'm deprest,—o'erwhelmed with anxious
care,

When other's sorrows make sad my minis-
tration.

And tired,—I must my burden with another
share.

I can but turn to thee, for consolation.

I have no heart,—no heart apart from thee.

I have no life apart from thee.

No thought,—no heart,—no love,—no high
ambition.

Apart from thee, no effort brings just recompense,

To me, no labor bears its compensation.

Apart from thee my life is bare existence,

I breathe, I move without consideration.

I have no life,—no life apart from thee.

To live,—two hearts must beat as one.

Alone,—the body is but animated dust.

Apart from thee,—my life is not worth living—
Without heart, existing just because I must.
Without love, or love that's worth the giving,—
Apart from thee, this heart is but a crust,
For lifeless is the heart that beats alone.



THE SADDEST FATE.

A sweet singing bard of bygone days
Has said in one of his sweetest lays,
That, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—'It might have been.'"

And sad, indeed, is the thought of bliss,
By chance, or fate, we are made to miss,
Tho' we, ourselves, be not to blame,
For missing the bliss that never came.

But sadder yet is it to think,
That a cup we now would gladly drink,
Was prest to our lips, but by us spurned,
Until to others, at last, 'twas turned,

And from its bowl, and flowing brink,
The sweetest nectar now they drink,
While we are left to regret and pine,
For the loss of life's most joyous wine.

But the saddest fate that comes to men,
Too sad to be told by tongue or pen,
Is when in life they've aged grown,
In the great wide world, to be alone.

SEVENTY AND FIVE YEARS YOUNG.

(To My Uncle, Robert R. Boyd, on His Seventy-fifth Birthday.)

Seventy-five years have now both come and
gone,
Each crowding on the other like day upon the
dawn,
Since amid New Hampshire's hills, all hoary
and brown,
'Neath the quiet shades of quaint old London-
derry town,
In a humble cottage home, on my natal day,
I first saw this world of light, twenty-seventh
of May.

Seventy-five springs with their sunshine and
their rain,
Seventy-five summers with sheaves of golden
grain,
Seventy-five autumns with ripened fruit aglow,
Seventy-five winters with frost and sleet and
snow,
Seventy-five full years since I started on life's
way,
Seventy-five years I finish, this twenty-
seventh of May.

Some people call me "old man," others say I
am gray,
And it does seem a long time, I've plodded on
the way.

Most friends who started with me are on the
other side,
Having met the silent boatman, and crossed
the turbid tide.
Still I'm not "an old man," though that is
what they say,
But seventy-five years young, this twenty-
seventh of May.

One may be old at twenty, or young at seventy-
three.
If you don't believe it, just take a look at me.
I've passed the seventy-three stone and two
more miles beside,
And if you'll only listen, the secret I'll confide.
True I'm not so handsome, nor spry as at the
start.
But age is not so reckoned—it's a matter of
the heart.

Sacred



CHRISTMAS GREETING.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

At the Christmas season,
When we think and reason,
What is best to send,
To our cherished friend,
As a faithful token,
Of our love unbroken,
We may be sure, we'll always find,
Some sweet thought of our mind,
Or something wrought by our hand,
Something we ourselves have planned,
Will be treasured far above
All other things by those we love.

So to thee, dear friend, within I bring,
Some simple songs, that I would sing,
Joy to add to your Christmas-tide,
As if I sat by your fireside.
And faulty as this, my work, may be,
I am sending it with love, to thee,
Hoping this friend you'll ever cherish,
Hoping your hopes will never perish,
Hoping your Christmas will be quite merry,
And the "New Year" find, and keep you happy.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Let the joy bells ring, 'tis glad Christmas tide.
Let the joy bells ring, o'er the whole world
wide.
In city and town, and countryside,

Ring and chime! Ring and chime!
Over the plain, over the wood,
Until the people of every clime,
Hear the tidings joyous and good.
Ring joy bells! Ring!

Let the joybells ring, 'tis time to be glad.
Let the joybells ring, no one should be sad,
Of old, or young, of lass, or lad.

Chime and ring! Chime and ring!
Over the vale, over the hill,
Until all tongues shall join to sing,
"Peace on the earth, good will to men."
Ring joy bells! Ring!

Let the joybells ring, 'tis the time of good
cheer.

Let the joybells ring, no time for a tear,
In palace, or hut, afar, or near.

Chime and ring! Chime and ring!
Swell the chorus. Glorious theme.
Christ our Saviour, Jesus our King,
The lost of earth, came to redeem.
Ring joy bells! Ring!

Let the joybells ring, 'tis time to rejoice.
Let the joybells ring, tune every voice,
The anthem to join, of willing choice.

Chime and ring! Chime and ring!
Over the land and ocean wide,
Tell of the Christ-child, tell of the King,
Who came to earth on Christmas-tide.
Ring joy bells! Ring!

"WE CAN REJOICE."

The Lord Jesus Christ, our blessed Redeemer,
Paid for us all the debt that we owe.
Now, we are free, there's no condemnation,
We can rejoice as onward we go.

He died on the cross, on Calvary's Mountain,
Salvation free on us to bestow,
Water of life, we've drunk at His fountain,
We will rejoice as onward we go.

In heav'n He is King, on earth He is Sovereign,
He is our Lord and loves us all so,
He gave His life, that we might be happy,
Now, we rejoice as onward we go.

Oh come, sinner, come to our blessed Savior,
Come to Him, now, 'tis all you can do.
He will receive, and freely forgive you,
Then you'll rejoice as onward you go.

**ABIDE IN CHRIST.**

Would you stand life's wind and tide,
Into the haven safely ride,
Over on the other side,
With swelling sail
And standing mast?

Keep close to the Savior's side,
And in His love abide,
Then every storm defied
And weathered gale,
You'll anchor cast.

HELP US FORGET.

Thou Great Jehovah, Lord of all,
God of our spirits, in whom we live,
Hear Thou our prayer: on Thee we call;
Unfaithful ones would'st Thou forgive.
God of mercy, heed our regret—
Help us forget, help us forget.

Great God of love, help us forget,
Our failures, which we now confess.
Sins oft repeated, we regret,
Ask Thy pardon, Thy love profess.
God of mercy, heed our regret—
Help us forget, help us forget.

God-called, yet, have we heeded not;
Christ-saved, yet, thankless have we been;
Spirit-touched, yet, on easy cot
We've slumbered in the shades of sin.
God of mercy, heed our regret—
Help us forget, help us forget.

Drunk with gain of material wealth,
Delirious in its subtle charm,
Heedless of its pernicious stealth,
We've thought not of its power to harm.
God of mercy, heed our regret—
Help us forget, help us forget.

The time has flown, the old year dies,
Days, weeks and months forever fled;
All so unused—their opportunities

For serving Thee wasted and dead.
God of mercy, heed our regret—
Help us forget, help us forget.

Help us forget the wasted past,
And strive henceforth to do Thy will.
Renew our zeal, that we at last,
Thy holy purpose shall fulfill.
God of love, Thy people love Thee, yet,
And forgetting, would not Thee forget.



THE LORD IS EVER NEAR.

(Dedicated to God's Aged Children.)

When thy head is whitened o'er,
By the frosts of many years,
When thy burdened back bends low
'Neath its heavy load of cares,
When thy cheeks are furrowed deep
By the flow of bitter tears,
When thy frame is tottering
On account thy gathered years,
"Let not thy heart be troubled"
Nor yet dismayed by fear,
Remember, O remember
That the Lord is ever near.

"In the gloaming of the even,"
In thy weak declining years,
Pine not for youthful vigor,
Nor the past, with joys and tears.

Jesus is always ready
To help you on the way,
That leads from earth to heaven,
With its bright and endless day.
Be happy in the present,
And let your hearts be cheer.
Remember, yes remember
That the Lord is ever near.

He has promised not, by miracle,
To make thy hair less white;
Nor straighten up thy shoulders,
By the power of His might.
'Tis not His way to stop decay
And fill the furrows in thy cheek,
Nor give to thee thy youth again,
That thou should'st not be weak.
But His promise is far sweeter,
His aged ones, to thee:
"As demanded by thy days
Thy strength shall ever be."

He has promised, sweetly promised,
And His word He'll surely keep,
To help thee bear thy sorrows,
To comfort those who weep.
"In the valley of the shadow,"
In the crossing of the stream,
His loving hand will hold you,
And the crossing seem a dream.
Then He'll ope the gates of heaven,
Where the saints His praises sing,
And you shall live forever,
In the presence of the King.

In the gleaming of His glory,
In that life that is to be;
In the boundless bliss of heaven,
He will surely give to thee,
You'll forget the burdens heavy,
And the cold and wintry blast,
When you've anchored in the haven,
You'll not "count the billows past."
In the glory of His presence,
'Mid associations dear,
Then, you will know, so truly,
That the Lord is ever near.



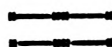
SAVIOR, DEAR AND TENDER.

(Sung to tune of Juanita.)

Down o'er the fountain of my youth falls now
the moon.
Far o'er the mountain comes the night too soon.
In the deep, dark valley, where the lowering
shadows dwell,
Savior, dear and tender, say to me—'tis well.
Savior! My Savior! Live forever in my heart.
Savior! My Savior! Ne'er from me depart.
When I am dreaming, years long gone are
come again,
But daylight breaking, proves my dreams are
vain.
I am growing older, and for loved ones gone
I sigh,
And my heart is aching, for my home on high.
Savior! My Savior! Keep me ever near thy side.
Savior! My Savior! Let me in thee hide!



Miscellaneous



THE TOILER'S SOLILOQUY.

Born in an humble cottage, beneath the stately
pines,

Bred to life's hardships of the rougher sort,
I learned no manners of the gentler kinds,

Nor in the schools of culture was I taught.
I've walked the paths of life, on obscure lines.

My hands have wrought the plans of other
men,

Executing thoughts of more ingenious minds,

Drawn in designs beyond my humble ken.
And I have sometimes thought with bitter
hardness in my heart,

Against the God who thus has cast my lot;
Decreed that others play the larger part,

And I should follow, but to lead, should not.
Yes, in my heart, I've often felt it to rebel,

And then I've thought, that after all, perhaps,
It's just as well.

Just as well, because the world needs men to
hardness born,

And if not so, at least to hardness bred.
Harder labor should not be held to scorn,

For by the fruits of toil the world is fed.
The world has always needed men of brawn,

As it has always needed men of brain;
Strong men to plow and plant and till the corn,
And gather in the sheaves of golden grain.

Yet, I have sometimes thought, with bitter
feelings in my heart,

Against the God who thus has cast my lot;

Decreed that I should play the toiler's part,
While some reap largely, who to toil had not.
Yes, in my heart I've often felt it to rebel,
And then I've thought, that after all, perhaps,
It's just as well.

True, the world needs men to stand aloft and
give command,
And these must be among the noblest ones.
Yet some must hold the helm with steady hand;
Brave men of brawn must stand behind the
guns,
Else grasping foes would overrun the land,
And tramp our flag of freedom 'neath their
feet;
Obedience to their laws of us demand,
And in our shame, their alien flag to greet.
Yet, I have sometimes thought, with bitter
feelings in my heart,
Against the God who thus has cast my lot;
Decreed that I should play the private's part,
And hold the helm, or fire the leaden shot,
Yes, in my heart, I've often felt it to rebel,
And then I've thought, that after all, perhaps,
It's just as well.

The world needs men of honor, in every hum-
ble sphere,
Clean of mind and heart, though soiled of
hand,
Who labor dignify, stand without fear
Of shame to have their every action scanned;
Men who to satan's voice have lent no ear,
Nor give themselves to passion's baleful lust;

Erect among their fellows everywhere,
And scorn the whisper, to betray a trust.
Yet, I have sometimes thought, with bitter
feelings in my heart,
Against the God who thus my lot decreed.
But, should I scorn to play the toiler's part,
And thus to serve the greatest human need?
Yes, in my heart, I've often felt it to rebel,
But now I know, that after all, indeed,
It's just as well.



SUCCESS.

When at the end of life's unseen, meander-
ing way,
You may be able, no hoard of sordid gold to
claim,
Nor have a tenement, save that poor one of
clay.
Obscure—your name may never have been
known to fame.

You may have struggled hard to win through
grief and joy,
And all your efforts may have failed of fruits
to yield,
Indeed, you may have been misfortune's favor-
ite toy,
And dying find interment in some potter's
field.

But if you've wiped a tear from off some pallid
cheek,

And caused a smile to glow where shown
that mark of pain,
For you, this splendid eulogy, the world may
speak,
Surely the living of your life was not in vain.

And if for frowns and sighs, you've caused a
merry laugh,
E'en that your worth to human kind would
not express,
But from grateful lips, a more glowing epitaph,
Will find expression in the noble word—
Success.



"OLD BLACK MAMMY."

There's a form that's dim and hazy,
Now that years have past away.
In waking hours it's all so mazy,
I can hardly see the form by day.

At the hour when day is dying,
And o'er my senses shadows creep;
When the world is from me flying,
And I'm gliding into sleep,

Then it is, in dreamy vision,
I can see that form again,
Hear the voice with keen precision,
And it rests me just as when

In big black arms the form carest me,
And the voice, in cadence sweet,

Softly sang or crooned the lullaby:
"Bye O, Bye O, sleep my baby sleep."

It was then the form of "Mammy"—
"Old black Mammy"—now at rest;
It was her's—that voice so *balmy—
Of all loved voices, loved the best.

Now the form is only fiction;
The voice is echo of the past;
"Old black Mammy" sings benediction,
In heavenly home at last.

*In the vernacular of the "Old South"
this word was pronounced "bamy."



"DIXIE"—THE LAND OF THE MIDDAY SUN.

(Descriptive Verses and Prose Poem.)

Statement:

So much has been said and written
Of them, that all have heard of
"The Land of the Rising Sun,"
"The Land of the Setting Sun," and
"The Land of the Midnight Sun."

But,
Have you heard of the land, where the sun
shines bright,
Where the balm in the air is the soul's delight,

Where fragrant flowers bloom most all the
year 'round,
Where the green grass covers the rich mellow
ground,
Where the mock-bird warbles his medley song,
Where the thrush and linnet sing the whole
day long?

Where the men are brainy, and brave and true,
Where the women are good and pretty, too,
Where the young are happy and bright and
free,
Where the children laugh loud in guileless glee,
Where the white and black in peace abide,
Where they are as free as wind and tide?
Methinks that's
"Dixie."

Whar de light in de "big house" shine so bright,
Whar de piany plays an' hearts are light,
Whar de banjo tums 'round de cabin doe,
Whar fast feet shuffle on de puncheon flo,
Whar de hounds run swift to music of de horn,
Whar dey hunt "brer" fox in dawn of de morn.

Whar de corn gits tall, and de hogs gits fat,
Whar spar-ribs comes an' things like dat,
Whar de 'simmons ripe makes de bear so fine,
Whar yallow yams grow on de sweet "tater"
vine,
Whar old king cotton make his fleecy crop,
Land of de nigger, and good 'possum sop—
Dat sho' is
"Dixie."

The land of the midday sun—
But why call "Dixie"
The land of the midday sun?
Because situated as she is,
Between the Atlantic Ocean on the east,
And the Rocky Mountains on the west,
She is the first to kiss the morning sun
As he rises from his billowy bed.
And for this "Old Sol"
Lingers lovingly over her,
During all his midday splendor,
Clothing her in the radiant glory
Of his own golden garments,
And imparting to her,
From his own bosom,
The heat of lusty life.
Finally, urged by duty,
Though loathe to leave her,
In the gathering dusk,
Of the dying day,
He tips her a good-night kiss,
From the peaks and pines
Of the "Great Divide"
And passes on,
Leaving her to repose,
'Neath her covering of moon-beams,
While he goes to bless other lands,
And to gather up fresh gems,
With which to bedeck her,
When she greets him,
On the morrow's morn.
Thus it is, that "Dixie,"
True land of the midday sun,

Robed in royal garments,
Reclines in queenly state,
In her sylvan divan,
The great Mississippi Valley,
Pillows her beautiful head,
In the Blue Ridge and Alleghenies,
Throws her comely arm
Gracefully across the Ozarks,
Her sunbeam tresses,
Floating in wild profusion
On the winds of the west,
While she laves her shapely feet,
In the sparkling waters
Of the Mexic sea.
And while her fair form
Is fanned by the perpetual breezes,
From Atlantic's vast expanse,
The great Rockies ever stand,
As grim guardians
To protect her
From the biting blasts,
Blown by "Old Boreas,"
From his frozen land,
Of the "midnight sun."
Her climate is mild and salubrious,
Her atmosphere is laden with the perfume
Of her own myriad flowers,
Flavored with the spices
Of the neighboring tropic isles,
Ever purified and seasoned by the salt sea
breeze.
Thus, then, is "Dixie," indeed,
"The land of the midday sun."

WHEN I DEPART.

When I bid thee farewell, let no burning tear
drops start.

When I've weighed life's anchor, or the corded
cables part—

No; when I am leaving—let there be no
grieving—

Nor heaving of the heart.

When my eyes no longer turn a loving look
to thee,

When my bark is drifting out upon the dark-
ling sea,

Let there be no wailing—when begins my sail-
ing—

Over the unknown sea.

When I've past the portals, gone beyond the
harbor light,

My mast the circle dipt, and my ship is lost
to sight,

Lament not the parting—only as I am start-
ing—

Simply say,

GOOD NIGHT.





Texas Presbyterian Print
Dallas
1913



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 349 437 5